Medical Missionary

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The Medical Missionary

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Sister M. Angelica, Editor
Sister M. Sarah, Art Editor

THE MEDICAL MISSION SISTERS

The Medical Mission Sisters are a religious community devoted to the care of the sick in the missions.

Main Activities

Hospitals, dispensaries, home visiting, leprosaria, training, native nurses, training native compounders, maternity and child welfare clinics, establishing native Medical Mission Sisterhoods.

Missions

Africa, India, Indonesia, Pakistan, South America, Southern United States.

U. S. Houses of the Society

Motherhouse and Novitiate—8400 Pine Road, Fox Chase, Philadelphia 11, Pa.

House of Studies—6th and Buchanan Sts., N. E., Washington 17, D. C.

House of Postulate—4374 Grant Rd,. Mountain View, Cal.

Catholic Colored Clinic — 348 Forrest Ave., N. E., Atlanta, Ga.

Catholic Maternity Institute—417 E. Palace Ave., Santa Fe, N. M.

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YOUR WILL . . . .

can help the Medical Mission Sisters bring health and healing to the sick and suffering of mission lands. The following approved form of bequest may be used:

"I hereby give (devise) and bequeath to the Society of Catholic Medical Missionaries (also known as the Medical Mission Sisters), an institution incorporated under the laws of the State of Maryland, and its successors forever the sum of $..... for its general purposes."

If you have already made your will, it is not necessary to make a new one. It is sufficient that a codicil be added, using the above form.

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The Resurrected Christ

TRIUMPH, O CHRIST

Pius XII

DEAR sons and daughters, the angelic pronouncement, *Surrexit,* has awakened you. That same announcement, which was made one day to a few souls still overpowered by fear and trembling, is repeated with each coming of spring and travels everywhere on melodious chimes of bells to arouse in millions of souls the same fervour of faith, the same breath of hope. Rejoice and exult, dear sons, because the life which is renewed in Christ resurrected at the dawn of Easter Sunday is for every soul a token of new life, of salvation and future resurrection. Easter is the mystery of renewal. All the Easter voices proclaim it. Cast away from you the old leaven of malice and evil, put on the new man as God ordained, let the mind rise to celestial things, let sanctifying grace descend to every soul, let justice become higher and more universal; in a few words, renew the bonds broken between man and man. Become sons once again; become brothers once more.

Let the first fruit be peace! *Pax Vobis.* It is the new greeting of the resurrected Jesus. That which was a promise of the crib is a reality on Easter Day. It is the result of accomplished redemption. That greeting of peace which sounded twenty centuries ago, as if it were the herald of His apparition and the password of the infant Church, should be received more than ever today as a divine precept binding every conscience, and should be accepted as an inestimable gift. Let peace become a reality, a worthy undertaking of today's civilization, the one most longed for by Heaven and Earth.

But in order that the Easter joy may not vanish with the end of the day, and in order that it may last for a long season and that it may penetrate to the hearts most stricken by the tempest which is today destroying the world, O Jesus, may Your benediction, Author of regeneration and peace, descend on this people who unanimously intone to You a hymn of praise, gratitude and supplication. Bless, Divine Redeemer, the sacred hierarchy, the ministers of the sanctuary and the aspirants to the

priesthood — all those who renouncing the world, have consecrated themselves to You in the most varied forms of religious life. Bless the rulers of nations and inspire them with intentions of justice and peace, of fraternal understanding and reciprocal help, in order that, freed from all thirst for domination and violence, the people may live and serve God in peaceful labour and serene tranquility, and that they may thus, from the toil of this life, attain to the beatitude of the heavenly fatherland. Bless the families . . .

Bestow this benediction of Yours, O Jesus, on all those who suffer in body and in spirit. Arouse in ever-growing numbers generous souls ready to hasten to wherever is heard a cry for help, a lament, a sigh; ready to dedicate their minds and their strength and their property to the care of the many children abandoned in the streets, to the sustenance of the many old persons deprived of every aid, to the many who are in misery and live a life of privation between poverty and infirmity, to the many refugees wandering in quest of a new fatherland, to the many oppressed victims of human injustice; imbue with courage all those who groan in hospitals, and also, perhaps unjustly, in prisons, in exile and in penal institutions. Increase the strength of all those who suffer in liberty, and all who suffer in the flesh, in defense of their faith —shining examples of loyalty to You, Divine Conqueror of hell and death.

Triumph, triumph, O Jesus, May Your Kingdom come, may Your empire shine upon the earth, be known better, loved better and more mightily—as infinite as the power of Your Divine Blood shed for the redemption of the whole world." Easter 1951

BOOK REVIEW

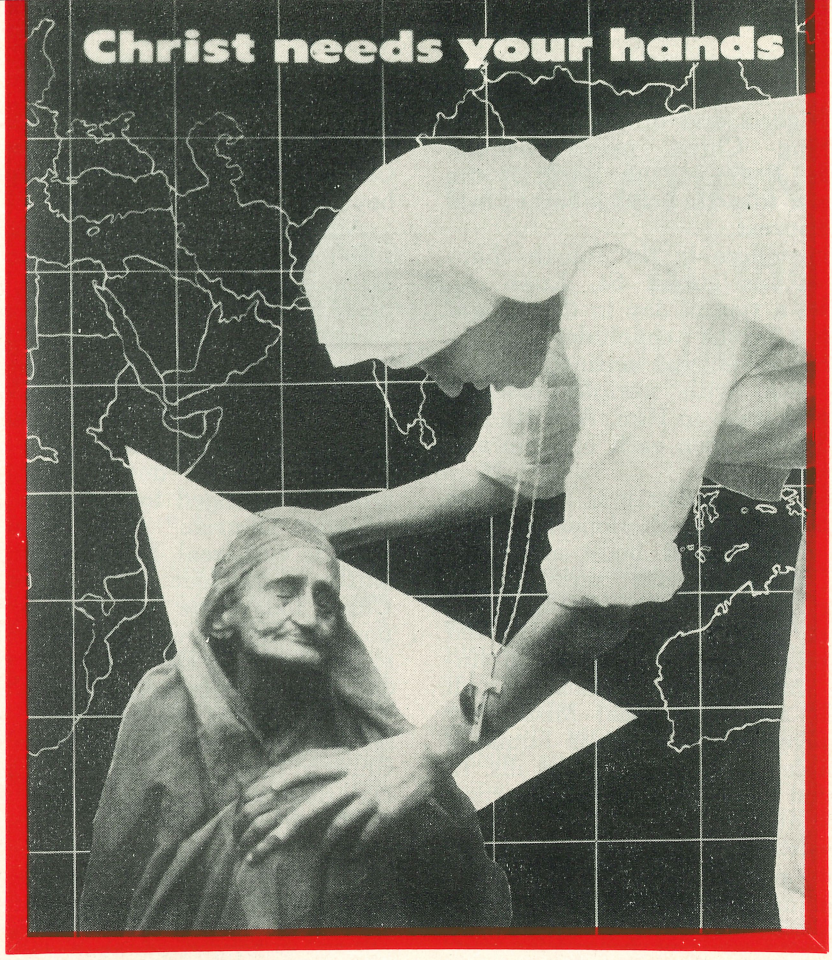
THE PASCHAL MYSTERY

Meditations on the Last Three Days of Holy Week. By Louis Bouyer, Orat. Henry Regnery Co., Chicago. 1950. 347 *pp.*

Father Louis Bouyer, in his preface, himself stresses the purpose of THE PASCHAL MYSTERY: it is merely a guide—a "hearing aid" perhaps—in our effort to listen to the "Voice of the Spouse," the Church, speaking to us through the liturgy. Though concerned specifically with the Church's renewal of the Paschal Mystery, the book is founded on a truth of year-round importance to every Catholic. In the sacred words and actions of her worship the Church gathers together us her children, in order that we may hear the living word of Christ and be drawn to utter it ourselves as our prayer of praise and thanksgiving; in order that, being led to participate in Christ's Redeeming Act, we may pattern our actions according to His.

It is indeed fitting that Father Bouyer offers to be our experienced "guide" during these last three days of Holy Week. The Paschal Mystery, Christ's own "passage" from death to life, is the source and exemplar of our own "passage" from death to sin to life in Christ. If we read thoughtfully THE PASCHAL MYSTERY we will be inspired to seek the streams of Christian piety at their source—the Church's own prayers and sacred actions. It is here that we learn to die the Good Friday death so that we may experience the Easter Sunday Resurrection.

Sister M. Marilyn, S.C.M.M.



In the Missions today

Very Rev. Msgr. Vincent W. Jeffers

THE CHURCH is the Mystical Body of Christ. As it grows throughout the world, more and more places witness the reliving of that life which the Incarnate Son of God willed to live within the confines of the Holy Land.

The opening of a new mission is usually the offering of the Sacrifice of the Mass by a missionary priest. To the inhabitants of the region, a stranger is performing some unintelligible rite. Faith, however, transforms the scene. The Mass kit, table, host, wine are Bethlehem, the House of Bread. The Eucharist extends in time the Glorious Incarnation as it renews mystically the sacrificial death that wrought man's redemption. Jesus the Saviour has come. Those who receive Him may have life and have it more abundantly.

Africa is perhaps the most rapidly growing section of the Church. The once dark continent is being flooded by the Light which illumines every man coming into this world. A veritable harvest of souls awaits in Uganda, the Con-

go, Nigeria and other places. The teaching Christ needs helping hands. Pray ye the Lord of the harvest that He send laborers into His harvest.

Somewhere in the fourth chapter of his gospel St. Luke describes a typical day in the Life of Christ, which concludes: "Now when the sun was setting, all who had sick with various diseases brought them to Him. And He laid His Hands upon each of them and cured them."

The healing Christ is seen again in the Medical Missionaries. Man is a creature of body and soul. The soul operates through the body, the temple of the Holy Ghost. As the Master was moved to compassion at the sight of human misery, in sickness of all kinds, so the Medical Missionary is moved to do what is humanly possible to alleviate human ills. In mission lands hospitals with crosses pointing to heaven are havens of salvation. Clinics offer treatments and visits to homes provide opportunities for service.

Literally the Medical Missionary goes about in imitation of the Master laying hands on the sick. Women in India now have medical care, children are saved, the aged cared for because at the call of Christ generous souls sacrificed all, consecrated self, talents and gifts to the Heart of Christ, that He through them might again use His healing for the least of His brethren including the lepers. Normally the sores of these unfortunates drive people far away. To the Medical Missionary under the sores is a beautiful soul which can and will live forever in the sight of its Creator if given the chance to know, love and serve Him. Ministering to lepers is like gathering gold coins—the coins of Charity, the only coin redeemable beyond the grave.

And today in China there is the suffering Christ. Some missionaries have been imprisoned, tortured, expelled. Others have been murdered. Native clergy and laity have been martyred. The Church runs red in her own blood. Modern Pilates scourge and flagellate her, modern Herods mock her. The cry "come down from the cross" is changed to "join the Nationalist Church." Good Friday's cross is very real. Mary stood valiantly at the foot of the cross. In China today she is again at her post . . . Queen of Martyrs, Mother of Sorrows. Her Legion is proclaimed the enemy of the State. The Queen of the Missions will be the comfort of the suffering Church in China till the Easter Day dawns.

The Church in Rome wept in the sorrows of the catecombs. In God's time her freedom came and she changed the barbarians of the North into the Knights and Ladies of the Middle Ages. So it seems that in the Far East the days of persecution are but a preparation for the glorious apostolate when the Church in China freed of its earthly dross will witness Christ to the teeming millions in the Orient. He is the Resurrection and the Life, He is the Saviour of the World.

So the cycle moves on from new mission to old. Mary's Son relives His life. In the Providence of God each member of the Mystical Body must fulfill his part in the great growth of the Church. Christ needs your hands in prayer and sacrifice today.

Christ has no other hands with which to aid the poor than your own; He has no other lips with which to speak His truths to the peoples of the world, except through your own; He has no other way of building Churches in His Name or hospitals, except through your alms and charities. — BISHOP SHEEN

OPERATION in the JUNGLE

Sr. M. Leonie, M. D.

THE OTHER day, Father Morrison, S. J., sent an SOS from the jungle saying that there was a girl with appendicitis who could not possibly be moved a hundred miles to our Patna Hospital, would I come prepared to operate? (After making the trip, I understood.) So Theresa Ekka, a graduate nurse who speaks only Hindi, and I, with several bundles of sterile goods, set out accompanied by Michael. First we went in a cycle rickshaw to the Patna station forty-five minutes distance, under a beautiful moon. Then on the train in Interclass—the usual smattering of women, children and luggage. Still, there was some room to stretch out for a nap; but there was no nap. Travelling with us was a Brahmin widow, hair grey and cropped. She travelled without a ticket. Wasn't she a Brahmin and just come from Benares the holy city, and on her way to Calcutta to visit her daughter?

We arrived at Jhajha at about 3:30 a.m. and went into the waiting room. I fell sound asleep in a chair until five, when the ubiquitous Michael appeared announcing that Father was going to say Mass in a house close by. "Close by" meant a ten-minutes walk over the railroad track and rocky ground. Father said Mass in a room with one chair (which was reserved for me). The altar was a small table just large enough to hold the missal and the chalice. It was so low and Father so tall, that he had to pick up the missal to read the Epistle and the Gospel. St. Peter's came to my mind and God's Infinite Goodness to be wherever we are. A handful of Christians received Holy Communion. After thanksgiving came breakfast, on the same table where Mass had been celebrated, and one after another as there was only one chair.

Mariam Pahari, the goal of our travels, was now twenty miles away; a bus would take us nine miles, but if it rained it might not go; the rest of the way by bullock cart. A couple of boys, friends of Father's, had a jeep, and if Father could induce the "P.S." to give some gasoline, the jeep might go, but more often than not it wouldn't. Besides, it had been in the rain all night and the spark plugs . . . We decided that we had better get on the bus and hope for the best. Father went for gasoline.

Just as we were about to leave, Father said: "Look there over that mountain, there is the monsoon coming." It certainly was. We had not walked three minutes when it

Sr. M. Leonie, M. D., the doctor, and Margaret, the patient.

came on, full force. We did not dare to stop for fear of losing the bus, so we were drenched. At the bus stop we waited one hour for it to come, and then there were more delays. So far no jeep. We got off the bus at Sono to wait, and as we sat on our bundles the sun came out and dried us.

And so the time went. Finally we heard a motor and Father arrived. The jeep would not go and we were to proceed by bullock cart. The bullock cart was a stylish one as bullock carts go. We had straw to sit on and a bamboo contraption above, so that if the sun became too strong we could be shaded. We began our eleven miles trot. One has to ride in a bullock cart to understand the jolting one gets. The driver twisted the tails of the bullocks and they started off, and all was well until we came to our first river; then it required a lot of tail-twisting and pushing of the wheels until they could be induced to descend into the water and pull us across. We crossed two rivers that way. In the middle of a field there was just a bullock-cart track.

After two-and-a-half hours we heard a far-away motor, and up turned the jeep. I asked the bullock driver where Mariam Pahari was, and he pointed to a mountain on the horizon. So we thanked the bullock driver and transferred ourselves and our luggage to the jeep. Puffing and jumping, the jeep took to the road as a jeep should. We were now in the mica country, and mica glistened all over the fields. All at once, three miles from our destination, the jeep stopped and refused to go. A boy from the mission arrived on a bicycle and the jeep driver borrowed it to get the mica miner to lend us his jeep. Finally, at three-thirty in the afternoon we arrived at Mariam Pahari and found Margaret, the patient. She had an appendiceal abscess. The only thing to do was to drain the abscess.

After a cup of hot tea, Theresa was restored to her normal cheerfulness, and swung into action. We used the church, as it was the only building with a tin roof, and I would not have to worry about straw dropping into the wound. We used the temporary altar table for the operating table! Father's desk became the nurse's instrument table. A former British Army nurse (the wife of a Lt. Col., Ret.), gave the anaesthetic. The flies were awful, so the only thing to do was to close the doors and windows, and use flashlights. Father acted as circulating nurse, though he had to be pulled back a few times for threatening to contaminate our precious sterile goods. Father shone the flashlights, and one-half hour later the deed was done, Margaret was back on her charpoi, intra-venous saline going, and everyone happy and relieved.

The next day the jeep had been coaxed into action and we were driven back to the station. The latest news from Mariam Pahari is: "Margaret is doing very well."

PHARMACIST IN THE BUSH

Sr. M. R., B.S. Pharm.

THE JUNGLE in Africa is most quiet just before the dawn. A like stillness pervades the chapel where the Medical Mission Sisters assemble for morning prayers. Despite the tropical setting of white habits, kerosene lamps, and mosquitoes, the day's beginning with prayer is no different from that of Sisters in other parts of the world.

And after the Office of Prime, the Sisters settle down for meditation. For some, such as Sister R., the expression "settle down" is literally correct. True, she manages to keep awake better than she did during the novitiate and student days but it is a daily struggle. And sometimes when the heat and humidity wrap one like a wool blanket, she fights a losing battle. However, Sister R. starts afresh each day, resolved to keep awake. All goes well until . . . The New Testament (which is supposed to be a help in keeping awake) slowly slips off Sister's lap, and she awakes as it hits her feet. She manages a flurry of maneuvers to swat the ever present mosquitoes around her ankles, hoping the community will think she is beating off insects rather than retrieving a book.

The mosquitoes settled, Sister begins again . . . back stiff, head erect, eyes a bit glazed. According to spiritual writers, the time of morning meditation is when the nun drinks long draughts of spiritual nourishment, thinks limpid thoughts, and makes high resolves. For Sr. R., 5:30 A.M. remains an impossible hour for high resolves. Her meditation is often concluded with the consoling thought that "she tried" as the Africans say.

Meditation slips into Mass time. It is easier to keep awake now, as it is getting daylight. And the chant of the Rosary and hymns, recited by the African congregation is a big help in keeping awake.

Despite the sleepiness, the heat, and tiredness, the time of morning prayer and Holy Mass remain the core of the day's activities, and stimulus and support in the day's work.

And the day's work is at the door even before breakfast is finished: the young African nurses, orderlies, and workmen await instructions, advice, etc. After a brief visit to the chapel, and the prayer that they may make Christ

Young ladies of Berekum, African Gold Coast dash (present) choice plantains to Sr. M. R.

known and loved that day, the Sisters disperse to the hospital wards, operating room, dispensary . . . Sr. R. to the pharmacy.

Occasionally missionary Sisters are pictured as angels in white, moving softly among the sick — one cool hand on a fevered brow, the other holding an uplifted crucifix. Actually Sr. R.'s crucifix gets pinned to her scapular, her sleeves get rolled up, and "cool hands" begin the day's work. There is normal saline to be filtered, for autoclaving . . . iron tonic, cough mixtures, etc. to be prepared for dispensing . . . one of the water buckets has rusted through; off she goes to get an empty kerosene tin and show the new laborer how to cut the lid off. (It seems as though half the time much of the help is new, and must be shown how to work.) The dispensary attendant is also new, and must be shown how to handle glassware, use the balance, etc. Although the young Africans have primary school education, Sister must start with teaching them 32 oz.= 1 qt. By the time they have been broken in and are ready to take responsibility, they get restless and move on. And Sister begins all over again, ever hopeful.

The early morning's work may include taking apart the gasoline burner of the water still (although she knows precious little about what makes it tick) to see what is clogging it. No still, no distilled water, no parenteral solutions for hospital. The burner must be fixed! Supplies must be refilled for the wards, labels replaced. A letter must be written to the customs officials explaining why the recent package from the U. S. is non-dutiable. The contents are infant layettes, napkins, bibs, dresses, etc. They could not possibly be classed as Sister's personal gift package as Postmaster insists.

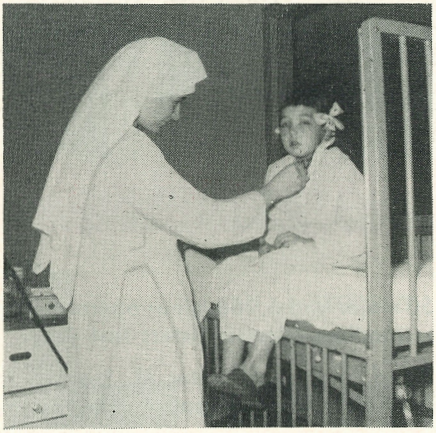
Meanwhile medicine for about 200 patients who come to the morning's clinics must be prepared and dispensed . . . the people greeted, newborn babies admired and the mothers congratulated, other mothers instructed in the care of sick children, one admonished for leaving the child six days with high fever before coming in for medicine, etc., etc.

Noon prayers and a hasty lunch are the only break until about 2 P. M. when the "morning clinic" is finished. Sister is ready for the midday siesta, that tropical *must* which is a wise and welcome prescription. After a cool drink at "tea time" (the kitchen boy runs down the road and brings back a bucket of fresh limes and lemons), the afternoon work is resumed: language class, supervision of the young Africans as they file records, make up stocks and supplies, etc., *palavers* to be settled, emergency patients to be cared for, and those who come long distances, unable to attend morning clinic.

Sister M. R.'s work is only one phase of the workings of a mission hospital. For the other Sisters, in the afternoon there is surgery, babies to be delivered, ward patients to be cared for. The hours are all too short before the bell sounds for supper and prayers: Rosary and Visit to the Blessed Sacrament. A time of coolness and peaceful quiet. The hot sun is set.

Would that Sister R. could make her morning meditation now. She might even manage a few limpid thoughts. She can lay her day's work, "the work of her hands," before her Lord. Always more hands are needed. Surely the day has been full to overflowing. Where do the days, the years go? Five years of mission life in Africa have slipped by as five months, years happy beyond description. Years that seem a fruition of the nine years in religious life that preceded that all important letter from the Superior General: "The good news is that you are assigned to Africa." Good news, indeed!

There's a story behind this picture



THE NURSES' HANDS

It won't be long now before Sr. M. Charles, R. N., will be using her nursing skill — saving lives in the missions. She graduated this month. Others are waiting to be trained — Who will give them a helping hand?

Dear Mother Dengel:

Here is $..... to educate a Sister-nurse for the missions .....

Name .....

Address .....

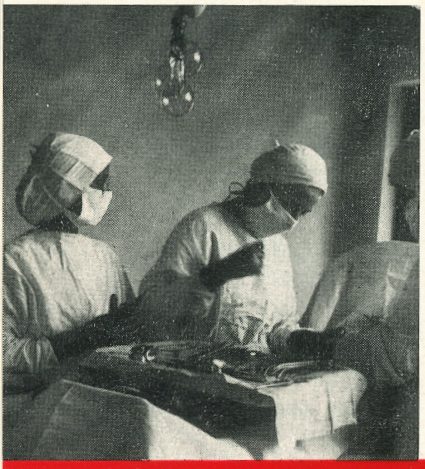
City ..... **State** .....

by the grace of God and with your hel

Over 260,000

were tre

in India, Pakistan, Africa, Ind



9,038 OPERATIONS **230,014 OUT-PATIENTS** **30,075 IN**

OPERATIONS: 2,050 major and 6,988 minor operations were performed by Medical Mission Sisters last year.

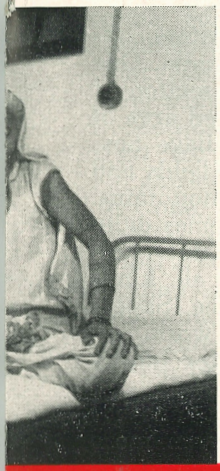
Sister M. Barbara, M.D. and Sister M. Francis, M.D. Sister-surgeons at Holy Family Hospital, Mandar, India.

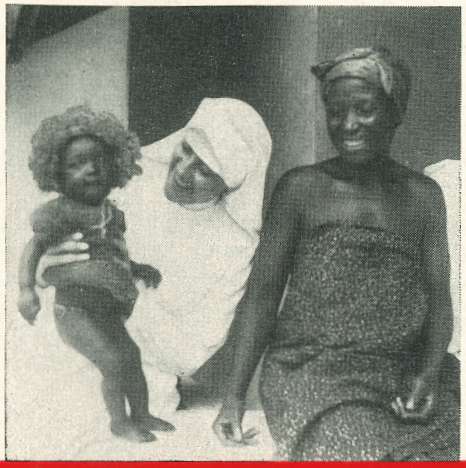
OUT-PATIENTS: Sr. M. Regina, R.N. with a lovely Punjabi family at Holy Family Hospital, Rawalpindi, Pakiston.

IN-PATIENTS: Kushelia, one of the Hindu patients cared for at the Holy Family Hospital in Patna, India.

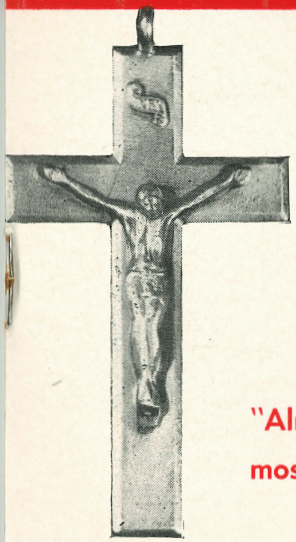
patients

ated by the Medical Mission Sisters in 1952
nesia, South America and Southern U.S.A.





PATIENTS 5,847 BABIES BORN 187 STUDENT NURSES



STUDENT NURSES: 187 student nurses and midwives were trained by the Medical Mission Sisters during 1952.

Sr. M. Bernadette, R.N. supervises an Ambonnese student at the Maternity Clinic, Celebes, Indonesia.

BABIES: Sr. M. Paula, R.N. admiring Mammy's "Personality baby" born at Holy Family Hospital, W. Africa.

"Alms shall be a great confidence before the most high God to all them that give it," Tobias 4, 12

Sr. Francis Xavier, one of our first Indian novices in Poona grinding chillies.
Below: Sr. M. Richard the author, making friends with her Indian neighbors.

POONA

FORMING STRONG HANDS

Sr. M. Richard, S.C.M.M.

MEDICAL Mission Sisters operate three hospitals in India. One is located in the busiest section of the most densely populated area of the country; one is a village hospital surrounded by rice fields and the third is high in the mountains. To each of these there comes daily a steady stream of poor unfortunates with sufferings of all kinds and hopes for relief. The Sisters who staff the hospitals work and pray "round the clock" for India's sick.

But the Society has another house in India that is even more important than the institutions that care for thousands of patients a year. It's a small house where outward activity consists of but the routine household tasks of sweeping, dusting, cooking and caring for a small vegetable garden. A dozen Sisters who seldom go beyond their own front yard live there quietly, on the outskirts of the Indian city of Poona. No patients are cared for, no active apostolate is carried on, yet this establishment is considered one of the most valuable of the Society's foundations. Why? Because the young women in Poona who proudly wear the habit of the

Society are Indian women. Their presence in a Medical Mission Sisters' novitiate means that a primary missionary purpose, namely the training of Indian youth who will minister to the needs of their fellowmen, Christianize their environment and establish the Church in India, is being achieved in one more field.

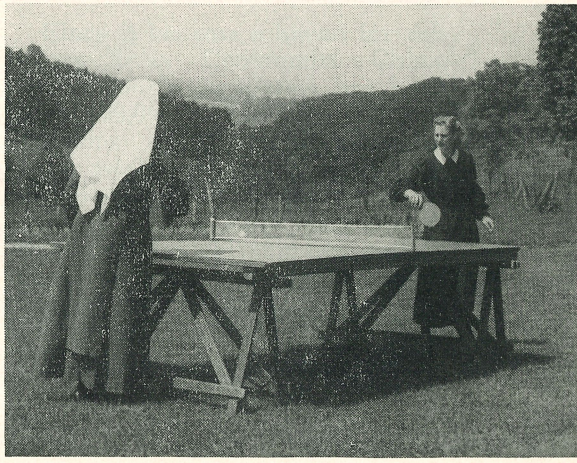
The Poona novitiate means that the daughters of India with their wealth of sympathy and gentleness have an opportunity to devote their lives as consecrated religious to the health and welfare of their fellow Indians. It means that in future more much needed hospitals can be opened in various sections of the country. It means that Medical Mission Sisters are now truly at home in India!

Mother Dengel went to India in 1951 to launch what she termed "a glorious project, a real missionary one, entirely according to our hearts' desire." Under Mother's supervision the novitiate was opened on December 8, 1951. The following year the first two Indian candidates received the habit of the Society on the feast of the Assumption of Our Lady, which is India's chief Marian feast as well as its Independence Day.

At present there are seven novices in Poona, busily engaged in the all important task of the formation of their religious life. One has come from the tiny village of Samtoli, hidden in the Bihar district, one from a Himalayan mountain town and four journeyed from their homes in the Catholic tip of South India to Poona and to religious life. Judged by Western standards, these girls would be considered delicate and shy but they can draw heavy buckets of water from deep wells and carry them for miles, take complete charge of large rice fields, capture

PHILADELPHIA—Sr. Gerald uses both hands husking.

CALIFORNIA—All hands help load hickory nuts.



HOLLAND—Recreation helps form strong hands.

and kill deadly cobras and they can look forward with much anticipation to the care of lepers, cholera patients and malaria victims.

These first seven Indian novices are women of the new India who have answered the call of the Church and country to work for the spiritual and physical betterment of their unfortunate sisters.

Today, these novices (just as their Sisters in Philadelphia, Holland, California, or South Shields) are attending classes in the Spiritual Life, vows, the Constitutions of the community, Church History and Gregorian Chant. They are studying and working, spending long hours in earnest prayer.

Tomorrow, they will bring the fruits of their spiritual preparation, their sympathetic understanding of the problems of Indian women and their capacity for devoted Christ-like service to the Medical Mission Apostolate.

Sr. M. Richard, S.C.M.M.

ST. THERESA'S NOVITIATE, SOUTH SHIELDS, ENGLAND

January 1, 1953 marked the opening of the Medical Mission Sisters' new novitiate in So. Shields, Co. Durham, England. His Lordship, the Most Rev. Joseph McCormack, Bishop of Hexham and Newcastle, in person, graciously welcomed the Sisters to his historic diocese.

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6.00	4 yrs.

THE WORLD OF THE SICK

The recent WHO study of health conditions of the world, highlights the fact that the socially and economically underdeveloped countries suffer from "mass disease" problems. In these areas (mission countries, for the most part), a single disease, such as malaria in India, affects so high a proportion of the population as to hinder the social and economic (and spiritual) development of a country.

These disease problems are intensified by the lack of qualified medical personnel. There are about 900,000 physicians in the world today. Twice this number are required to meet elementary needs. Nurses and auxiliary medical personnel are equally scarce.

The medical resources, knowledge and skills of socially and economically advanced (Christian) countries—one-third of the world—should be shared with the other two-thirds of the nations. Even from a natural and utilitarian point of view, the general impoverishment of any area is a matter of concern to all areas. How much greater is this responsibility from a Christian point of view!

Chron. World Hlth. Org. Dec. 1952

W-H-O COUNTS LEPERS

How many of the world's 2,400 million people are lepers? Another WHO survey shows that estimates vary from two to seven million.

Asia is the principal focus of leprosy. Of its countries, India alone has more than a million cases. It is estimated that 250,000 of these are infectious patients, or about 25%. The disease is widespread in central and west Africa. In many islands of Oceania, leprosy is endemic. Europe, too, still has some endemic foci, mainly along the Mediterranean.

Leprosy in general is less prevalent in South America than in Africa or Asia. However, between South America and Africa an interesting comparison can be made of cases which are infectious, the lepromatous type, and those which are the neural or benign form. In South America, percentages of lepromatous cases range from 40% in Paraguay to 90% in Colombia. In most countries of Africa, the proportion is about 20%.

This difference might indicate that the infection is older in Africa than in America because the lower percentage of lepromatous cases could mean a higher degree of immunity.

Chron. World Hlth. Org. Oct. 1952

MERCY AT CHINA'S DOOR

Since it became a haven for refugees from Communist China, Hong Kong's population has risen from 800,000 to 2,500,000. Catholic religious and lay organizations have established eleven free clinics to assist the thousands of arrivals suffering from all kinds of sickness. Medical supplies and financial aid are given by War Relief Services, N.C.W.C.

—China Missionary Bulletin

medical mission Chits

From
KARACHI
VENEZUELA
MUSSOORIE
MANDAR
POONA
MAKASSAR
RAWALPINDI

CONGRESS IN MANIZALES

Latin America's first Congress on Rural Life Problems was held the week of January 12th in Manizales, one of the two most Catholic cities in Colombia. Every home, the Congress declared, should be able to acquire enough space in which the fullness of the Christian life may be developed, as opposed to the large landed estates.

Other conclusions of the Congress dealt at length with the hygienic and medical needs of the farm community, the status of women on the farms, infant mortality and rural electrification needs. The Congress urged that Catholics "unite their energies so that institutions devoted to the problems of health will cooperate most efficaciously in the works of the Church for the welfare of the rural populations."

Among the 604 delegates were two of our Sisters from our hospital in Venezuela, Sr. M. Pia and Sr. M. Victoria, who reported that in the whole of Columbia there are only 450 graduate nurses.

KARACHI HOMECOMING

Prime and meditation again in the mornings to the tune of babies crying! Ah . . . Home. You remember I told you how very crowded conditions are in the hospital here? There is just no place to put the babies, so we line them in their cots along the hall just outside the chapel. There is no other place. One gets accustomed to it. I notice it now because I have been away from it for a few months. It won't be long before the new hospital is ready, then we will have enough room for babies and all. —Sr. M. Dolores, R. N.

VENEZUELA

The other day, Espina the watchman was dead asleep at the gate (nothing unusual) when he felt something hot on his face. He sat up with a start — and found himself staring into the face of a bull which had escaped from the slaughter house down the road. He was so scared that he hasn't slept on the job since—and we're thinking of making a little "deal" with the owner of the butchery to see if he won't head a bull this way about once a month. Anything to keep the watchman awake!

—Sr. M. Miriam, R.N.

MUSSOORIE

Yesterday there was a big Sikh festival. The Sikhs are a branch of Hindus — they're the warrior tribes. They never cut their hair—the beard is rolled on a string and they wear elaborate turbans. They don't wear turbans until about twelve and they have braids around their heads and the tiny ones have white ribbons! At St. George's College the Sikhs always play the girls' roles in comedies and plays.

To get back to the festival, every so often drums would beat and men and boys would have sword fights. First they danced around the crossed swords on the ground and got all worked up and then you should see them flash them around. Two got cut and one's turban fell off and he had to quit and reassemble his tresses.

—Sr. M. Carol, R. N.

MANDAR

If everyone stopped climbing trees, life would be simple for us. Broken bones are prevalent. That will never happen, for once the rains are over, the grazing is soon finished and the only food that the cattle, sheep and goats eat is the leaves and twigs that are cut or broken off trees. When it isn't for fodder, the people climb for fruit for themselves, which, by the way, is always eaten while it is green and hard and tasteless as wood. Burns too are always frequent.

—Sr. Ignatius Marie, S.C.M.M.

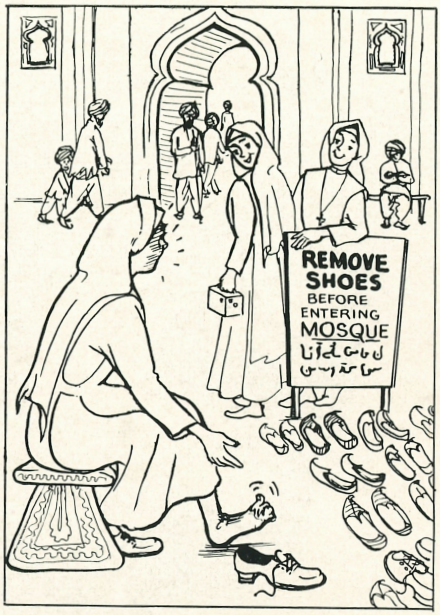
CENTENARY OF ST. FRANCIS XAVIER

Francis Xavier alive was a tireless leader of souls to God; Francis Xavier dead continues his apostolate. Last December pilgrims from every section of India and many parts of the world flocked to the feet of their apostle to venerate his body. One thousand persons were able to kiss the body each hour and pilgrims filed by continuously from five in the morning until nine at night during the whole period of the exposition from December 3 to January 6. Though they had to stand in line long hours, this and many other hardships were easily borne for the privilege of venerating one of Catholicism's greatest saints.

Watching all these people speaking so many different languages, and recalling Xavier's virtues and his tremendous labor, his journeys on the very soil we were walking on, we felt privileged to be here.

Sr. M. Richard, S.C.M.M.

Sikh warrior—note characteristic turban, knotted beard.



BANANA PEALS—Sketches in India Ink

POONA

Recently, we saw a Mohammedan procession. That day was the last of "Mahorrem." This feast commemorates the deaths of the Prophet's sons in the Holy War. The procession consisted of "coffins"; that is to say, each oxcart carried a more or less elaborate mausoleum in "Taj Mahal" style, made out of silver paper. We watched the procession from the main street and got a good view. Around four o'clock in the afternoon, these coffins were thrown into the river. —Sr. M. Henrietta

MAKASSAR

It is consoling to know that this year we have had nearly 2,650 deliveries here at our maternity clinic. This morning I had to give plasma to a mother who was half-dead. Returning to life from her state of collapse, she cried with a note of triumph, "All my children, born at home, are dead. The three born at Sita-Fatima are alive. You were just in time!"

Makassar has 265,000 inhabitants and of that number we do one-third of all the deliveries!

—Sr. M. Martha, R. N.

RAWALPINDI

At present we have a very interesting patient. This man was admitted some time ago for a kidney operation. He is getting on quite well, but all of a sudden he decided that he missed his home and his bird pets. So it was arranged with the doctor that he spend his days in the hospital and go home to sleep at night!

It is a real ceremony each morning when the car drives up. There are many salaams, just as if a long lost friend had returned. No one seems to think anything of it—only Sister William. It requires much bookkeeping to keep his hospital and home medicines straight. "It could only happen here" . . . so I think each morning and evening as I *Salaam* him in passing. —Sr. M. Christopher

Be mindful O LORD of Thy servants who have gone before us with the sign of Faith +

Rev. John B. Delaunay, C.S.C., Portland, Ore.
Rev. Jos. Ostheimer, Coplay, Pa.
Rev. Bro. Julius Heffernan, C.S.C.
Sr. M. Lelia, C.S.C., Alexandria, Va.
Mr. Leo Dawson, Phila., Pa.
Wilfred B. Fetterman, M.D., Phila., Pa.
Raym'd G. Forgays, D.D.S., Lowell, Mass.
Miss Amalie Groo, New Braunfels, Tex.
Miss Mary Iasigi, Boston, Mass.
Mr. Richard Kealy, Phila., Pa.
Mrs. Theresa MacDonald, Phila., Pa.
Mr. Joseph McGrattan, Brooklyn, N.Y.
Mrs. Rose Paolino, Phila., Pa.
Mr. James Pigott, So. Ozone, N.Y.
Mrs. Chas. A. Seibert, Salem, N. J.
Mr. Francis Sommer, Phila., Pa.
Mr. John A. Snyder, Phila., Pa.
Mr. August Voegler, So. Ozone, N. Y.

PROFESSION AND RECEPTION

On February 11th, Feast of Our Lady of Lourdes, 17 novices (pictured above) made their first vows in the Society and 21 postulants received the habit and their religious name. Three Sisters made final profession.

FIRST PROFESSION

Sr. M. Aiden Malseed, Phila., Pa.
Sr. M. Louis Schmid, Phila., Pa.
Sr. M. Fabian Harmer, Phila., Pa.
Sr. Marianne Cauzillo, R.N., Detroit, Mich.
Sr. M. Martina Schaefer, Queens Village, N. Y.
Sr. M. Bonaventure Beck, R.N., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Sr. M. Antonia Mackin, Yonkers, N. Y.
Sr. M. Madeleine Frankovsky, R.N., Newark, N. J.
Sr. M. Angela Sullivan, B.S., Springfield, Mass.
Sr. M. Bertrand Wing, R.N., B.S.N.E., Rochester, N. Y.
Sr. M. Blaise Gates, North Collins, N. Y.
Sr. M. Marguerite Garceau, Trois-Rivieres, Canad.a
Sr. M. Josepha Shimek, R.N., R.T., New Britain, Conn.
Sr. M. Juanita Ortega, Santa Fe, N. M.
Sr. M. Brendan McElhiney, Nashville, Tenn.
Sr. M. Scholastica LosBanos, M.D., Legaspi City, P. I.
Sr. M. Perpetua deGuzman, M.D., Pangasinan, P. I.

FINAL PROFESSION

Sr. M. Charles, Dubuque, Iowa
Sr. M. Theodore, Cinn., Ohio
Sr. M. Carmel, Renovo, Pa.

THOSE WHO RECEIVED THE HABIT

Sr. M. Aloysius Schneider, M.T., B. Ed., M.S., St. Louis, Mo.
Sr. M. Yolanda Picard, R.N., Quebec, Can.
Sr. M. Basil Luckey, Niles, Mich.
Sr. M. Maura Robinson, R.N., Los Angeles, Cal.
Sr. M. Angelina Alfafara, B.S. Pharm., Cebu, P. I.
Sr. M. Domitilla Alfafara, B.S. Pharm., Cebu, P. I.
Sr. M. Laura Wulfhorst, A.B., Delphos, Ohio
Sr. M. Henry Bonnema, R.N., B.S., Omaha, Nebr.
Sr. M. Carlos Hurtado, Los Angeles, Cal.
Sr. M. Cynthia Monyak, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Sr. M. Ligouri Ansel, R.T., Phila., Pa.
Sr. M. Robert Falloure, Lakewood, Ohio
Sr. M. Yvonne Lachance, Manitoba, Can.
Sr. M. Cleophas Lasche, Carcade, Iowa
Sr. M. Madeleva Bott, South Bend, Ind.
Sr. M. Celine Bernier, Oakland Beach, R. I.
Sr. Jude Marie Riedel, Akron, Ohio
Sr. M. Robert Hummel, Jeffersontown, Ky.
Sr. M. Jane Stanley, Middlefield, Ohio
Sr. M. Olga Fogarty, Woonsocket, R. I.
Sr. M. Roch Piller, Des Moines, Iowa

On the same day in Poona, India, two postulants received the Habit and **Sr. M. Richard Lynch (Baltimore, Md.)** made Final Profession; in South Shields, Eng., six postulants received the Habit and in Heerlen, Holland, thirteen.

Le Sirdar Tensing and Jesuit Fathers at our hospital, Patna.

CHIEF of the SHERPAS

Sr. M. Adelaide, S.C.M.M.

THAT he was one of the pair of mountain climbers to succeed in reaching the highest point on earth, approximately 800 feet from the very peak of Mt. Everest, did not prevent LeSirdar Tensing from settling down contentedly in a room at Holy Family Hospital in Patna City to recover from an attack of malaria.

The chief climbers were French speaking Swiss, joined by Le Sirdar Tensing from Darjeeling, chief of the Sherpas, or porters, carrying the supplies.

The first attempt by an entirely new route to conquer the greatest of the mountains, was successful beyond expectation. The base camp was set up at 5050 meters and the seventh camp at 8400 meters. Four climbers left this last and highest camp, but after going some distance it was decided that only two should proceed: Raymond Lambert, the Swiss climber, and Le Sirdar Tensing, the Nepali. When they had reached 8600 meters or about 800 feet from the top of Everest, they decided the safest thing was to remain there for the night in spite of the fact that they had brought no sleeping bags with them. Next morning they returned to camp, but another attempt with proper equipment could not be made because the monsoon was threatening and the delay of even one day might mean disaster to the entire expedition. They broke camp on May 29, and on the way home rested in Patna almost a week.

In view of the success of this expedition, another was planned for the Fall. Raymond Lambert and Le Sirdar Tensing were the only two climbers of the Spring expedition included in the new group. But they found the November and December cold, ice, and snow formidable enemies so that flying from Kathmandu, Nepal, the expedition returned to Patna Christmas week. Tensing who had been suffering from fever was immediately brought to the Holy Family Hospital. The entire group of seven came to the hospital to say good-bye to their "eighth climber, Tensing." They presented him with a beautiful book "Mt. Everest" picturing the Spring expedition and inscribed on the flyleaf "to our dear and valiant Tensing" with all their signatures affixed. Among them were two German climbers and Norman G. Dyhrenfurth, photographer from the University of Cali-

fornia, Department of Theater Arts, Los Angeles, California.

Before Tensing left our hospital we got a description of that night 800 feet from the highest spot on Earth. Tensing said they used no oxygen as the gradual approach enables one to become acclimated to the rarefied atmosphere. When asked how the party overcame the language difficulty Tensing said they talked with their hands. Then he modestly admitted that he quickly learned to understand French but could not speak it. When he and Lambert were atop Mt. Everest the conversation was rather one-sided.

It was with a happy smile that Tensing left the hospital anticipating a month in Switzerland as a guest of the Swiss Foundation for Alpine Explorers.

KHUSHPUR-PAKISTAN
The Village Of Joy

THE 3,000 people of Khushpur, all Catholic, determined to make the 50th anniversary of their village a memorable occasion. Sr. Regina and I went from Rawalpindi by bus. Many dusty, bright-eyed children waved and smiled their welcome as we arrived at last in Khushpur. It was such a joy to know that everyone we saw here was Catholic.

At 3 p.m. the Hierarchy arrived —Archbishop Miltenberg of Karachi and the Bishop of the diocese, Bishop Cialeo. They were given a rousing reception by the people. Rosary and Benediction followed immediately afterward, and Father Francis, a Belgian Capuchin from Mariabad gave the sermon in Punjabi. Over 2,000 people filled the church, singing the Benediction hymns until the walls of the church just shook.

Then we returned to the convent of the Italian Dominican Sisters who have a girls' school and a dispensary here in Khushpur. With us were three Sisters of Charity from Belgium who had been here for over forty years and had begun their work shortly after the founding of the village. They had come from Lahore to celebrate the Jubilee. For them, it was like coming home. But the real homecoming was that of the four Franciscan Missionaries of Mary whose own homes were in Khushpur! They certainly enjoyed seeing their families and friends again. The Bishop called them the first fruits of Khushpur!

After the Solemn Pontifical Mass in the morning, there was the "nazrani," the offering. The people of Khushpur presented the Archbishop and the three Bishops with garlands to which were also attached five and ten rupee notes. Bishop Rogers of Lahore was given a chalice. Originally, Khushpur was part of his diocese. Representatives from the neighboring Catholic villages also gave their greetings and offerings.

We visited one of the native homes the next day. Like the rest, it is made entirely of mud but it was very neat and clean, with many Catholic pictures on the walls inside. A characteristic of these homes is a shelf around most of the room upon which are arranged with real art the dishes of the family. Our hostess, Maryam, showed us how they make yarn out of the raw cotton from the fields.

So the Jubilee at Khushpur was a wonderful experience and we were certainly grateful for the opportunity to take part in it. I'm sure those who sowed "in tears" many years ago in Khushpur must have smiled as they witnessed the joy of those reaping the harvest.

Sr. M. Kathleen, R. N.

If a heart be stout . . . a mouse can lift an elephant.

Tibetan proverb

Medical Mission Sisters
8400 Pine Road Fox Chase
Philadelphia 11, Pa.

Dear St. Joseph:

Did you ever try to lift an elephant? That's what we feel we're doing—building Patna's new Holy Family Hospital. It seems more than human powers can accomplish.

You know our present Holy Family Hospital—in the oldest, noisiest, most rundown section of the city—a patchwork of temporary buildings clustered about an ancient cathedral. The wards are hot, they're overcrowded—it's even hard to keep them clean. Yet, the blind see! The lame walk! And Christian Charity reaches out to all who are fortunate enough to crowd into the doors.

For five years now we've struggled, St. Joseph. If we could find enough stout hearts this very Lent, we would make some HEADWAY. Can we count on the Lenten sacrifices of your friends to make our hearts stout again for the task that still lies A-HEAD?

Courageously yours,

Anna Dengel

Mother Anna Dengel, M. D.

P. S. It takes a stout heart to keep begging for this hospital.

Dear Mother Dengel:
Here is my Lenten sacrifice to give Patna's heart a stimulant. $ _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone ____ State _____